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For the Missouri Educator.

PROF. J. L. TRACY'S LECTURE

AT THE HALL OF BRYANT & STRATTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS.

## EDUCATION AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH.

I have selected the subject of my brief lecture this evening, from the spirit of the present age, which is essentially and intensely utilitarian in its character. Every enterprise that *will pay* excites the deepest interest, and the multitude rush to it with an avidity, and hold to it with a tenacity, worthy of a great cause. If I had come, with proper credentials of my ability, to teach you how to transmute the dull carbon that is now warming this hall, into sparkling diamonds, all the audience-rooms of St. Louis could not have held the eager multitude. But I come on a better errand, and desire to speak with you on the subject of *polishing diamonds*; not those brilliant gems that ornament the diadems of kings, or sparkle on the breast of beauty; but those more precious and more priceless jewels that cluster around the hearth-stones of the poor as well as the rich; those scintillations of divinity that are given to us to nourished and kindled into immortal fires.

I desire to prove to you to-night, not the truth of the old aphorism, that "*time is money*," for you have learned that from experience and Poor Richard long ago; but the nobler and stronger proposition that "*mind is money*. I wish to show that this is true in every phase that you can possibly view it—true in the general assertion, and in all the details—true respecting a nation and all the individuals composing it—true of this great city—true of the State of which it is the metropolis—true of our whole Republic, and of the "*great globe*" itself. In treating this topic, as the field is too wide for a single discourse, I shall rather suggest than elaborate, hoping to direct your attention to some practical views of the great subject of Popular Education, and thereby incite to healthful and earnest action. And in this desire and purpose to awaken interest and action amongst the teachers and people of the State, you may find both my apology and commission as an humble preacher of the Gospel of Common Schools. I undertook this work with much diffidence, and at the earnest solicitation of friends. But such has been the kindness that has greeted me, such the evident interest awakened upon the subject, and such the hearty good will with which my efforts have been seconded, and my suggestions for improve-

ment and reform in schools and teaching, responded to, both by teachers and people, that I have determined, with the continuance of life and health, to prosecute this good work, as long as I may be able to do so.

We love to see earnestness, and even enthusiasm, in every department of human enterprise. No matter how low the calling, how mean the pursuit, we love to see diligence and persistency in the worker—we can admire an earnest, but must despise an indolent man. Look at the poor miser, who never had a thought above a dollar; who makes gold his god, and worships his idol in the true spirit of Oriental devotion. He has many weary days of toil, and dreary nights of watching; like the poor muck worm, he grovels through the filth in search of the glittering prize, until his very spirit is cankered with the gold he covets; and when he dies, if his soul should go down into the grave with his body, it would still be "dust to dust, ashes to ashes!" We do not even complain of the earnestness and enthusiasm of this man, whose whole nature is "of the earth, earthy," and whose base proclivities never feed his soul with the first aspiration of a rational, immortal being. As we ascend in the scale of occupation, to those employments that bless the world as well as the worker, our admiration is increased for that energy of character, which works with a persistency of effort sure to win success. Through every profession and pursuit of life, from the statesman who makes laws, to the mechanic who makes plows, we love to find the same element of intelligent zeal and perseverance. Look at yonder sturdy blacksmith, swinging the sledge with his bared and brawny arm, till he has hammered his name, in letters of iron, into every work of human art. Honest and hard working artizan!—son of Vulcan, and grandson of Tubal Cain! How we love to hear his "anvil chorus," ring out upon the night, and see its darkness dissipated by the flashes of his forge fire, and the shower of scintillations from the heated iron.

If then, industry, energy and enthusiasm are commendable in the common occupations of life, how much more in the great cause of popular education—one which underlies and overrides all others, in its bearings upon the interests of society; a work that moulds nations and makes new empires of mind! Let me then invite your attention, for a few moments, to a practical money-view of this great subject.

Allow me, however, to explain, before proceeding further, that when I use the term education, I do not confine myself to that barren outline of scholastic acquirements, which begins with A, B, C. in a line, and ends with A, B, C. in a triangle. A true education is that which regards man as an intelligent, responsible, immortal being—seeks to train in harmony his physical, intellectual and moral natures, to educate the head, the heart and the hand—bringing the helpless infant to the full stature and power of a man. My purpose is to show that this kind of education, to say nothing of higher and nobler results, is the surest method of giving enhanced value to property—of increasing the wealth of an individual or a nation.

Returning from this explanation, let us consider my original proposition, that "*mind is money*," or in other words, that mind alone can give value to any earthly possession, and that every species of property must appreciate in its intrinsic worth, just in proportion to the cultivation of mind. This proposition may seem defective at the first glance, but the more you examine it, the better you will be satisfied of its universal application. The great Teacher once propounded the solemn question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and he thereby intimated that the "whole world" would be utterly valueless without "the soul" to use, appreciate, and enjoy it.

Imagine, if you please, a beautiful and enchanted island, sleeping on the bosom of the summer sea. Give to it all the attributes of an earthly paradise. Let no storms dash angry waves upon its peaceful

shores. Clothe it with perpetual verdure, and let every breeze that fans its surface, be loaded with the sweet odor of flowers and the sweeter songs of birds. Let its living fountains sparkle in the sunlight, its foaming cascades leap from the rocks, and its singing brooks go dancing to the sea. Diversify its surface with every variety of scenery that can charm the eye or please the fancy. Let hill, and dell, and rocky cliff, and verdant valley, and rippling stream, and dashing water-fall, and quiet lake mingle their varied beauties upon its shores. Give to it a perpetual succession of the rarest flowers and the most delicious fruits. Let no noxious beast or reptile haunt its thickets—no hurtful insects swarm in its air. Let the cool grottoes opening in its hillsides, be paved with gold, pillared with rubies, and lighted with diamonds. People it with all things gentle, innocent and beautiful; let birds of rainbow plumage and heavenly music fill its bowers, and nymphs and fairies sport upon the green margin of its babbling brooks. Give it these and a thousand other attractions, and then *cut it off from all possible approach*, and what would the enchanted island, with its beauties and treasures, be worth?

Look for a moment at a wider view of the same subject. Take for an example the great globe itself, as it circles through the sky—this fair green earth upon which “we live and move and have our being.” Let the breath of a pestilence sweep every human being into the jaws of death. Let the uncounted millions of people, of every “nation and kindred and tribe under the whole heaven” pass away: so that not even a last man should be left to tell the story of death and desolation. Let all else remain as it is now. Curtained by the same blue sky, girdled with rainbows; reflecting the resplendent beams of the sun by day, and the milder glories of the moon and stars by night. Let the seasons still circle in their endless round, bringing new beauties and blessings to the world. Let landscapes of loveliness, and scenes of grandeur still checker this rolling ball. Cottages, farm houses, hamlets, towns and cities; the proud temple with its heaving dome; marble palaces, the former abode of Kings and Princes; ancient castles with their turrets and towers; strong fortifications frowning from the shore; proud navies floating on the silent sea; plain and mountain, field and forest; meadows, wheatfields, orchards and vineyards still smiling in the summer sun, and pastures feeding the “cattle on a thousand hills;” steamers upon the lakes and rivers, and the iron fingers of commerce and travel stretching from sea to sea; granaries loaded with corn, wine presses bursting with their purple flood; the store houses of the merchant princes filled with costly fabrics, and ten thousand dainties gathered from every clime; vaults and hidden coffers filled with the glittering treasures of the world. Let these remain as they are to-day, and what would they all be worth? Not so much as a feather or a straw!

But let us turn from this hypothetical view of the subject, to one in which existing facts will stand ready to establish the truth of our premise. Let us trace, with the enlightenment of mind, a regular enhancement in the value of property, as we shall find it in the history of the world at large, or of our own community, and then inquire why this is the fact.

Notice, if you please, at the outset, that mere population is not sufficient to enhance the value of property. The semi-barbarous millions that cluster in that great human bee-hive, on the eastern shores of Asia—composing about one-half of the population of the globe—have done but little to increase the aggregate wealth of the world. Indeed, the island of Great Britain has this day ten times the actual wealth of the Chinese Empire; and this same island of Great Britain has more wealth to-day than would have purchased the whole continent of Europe five hundred years ago. Our own fair and cherished State, with its great

metropolis—now the pride and glory of the West — might have been purchased from the roving savages, two hundred years ago, for a few strings of beads and a few gallons of whiskey. Its millions of acres of virgin soil, prolific as the valley of the Nile, and its inexhaustible mines of iron, lead and copper were here, as they are to-day, but there were no intelligent workers to cultivate the one or explore the other. When that great Spanish adventurer, De Soto, undertook his tour of exploration from Florida, more than two hundred years ago, tradition asserts that he visited southeast Missouri in his search for gold. If, in his wanderings, he had stumbled upon those mountains of iron, that are destined to enrich your metropolis and the whole Western country, he would have not esteemed the discovery worth a record in his journal. Without the industry of an intelligent population, to develop the resources of a country, it must remain as valueless as the barren sand of the desert. With a million of intelligent workers, those huge, grim masses of brown hematite will yield us more wealth than the gold fields of California.

We hear much of the influence of railroads, as a means of enhancing the value of property lying contiguous to their lines. The fact is undeniable. Wherever a line of railroad is projected and built, the real estate bordering upon its route is immediately doubled or quadrupled in value. Why is this? The superficial observer will answer, because a railroad brings the farmer near to a good market, and thus it increases the value of his produce. This is true as far as it goes, but only tells half the story. The railroad has quadrupled the value of the farmer's homestead, and has only increased the home price of his products twenty-five or fifty per cent. Where is the cause of this great difference? In the principle we are now contending for; railroads enhance the value of property by inducing an intelligent and enterprising population to settle along their lines. In the midst of a wild prairie, they make neighborhoods, build school-houses and churches, establish newspapers for the diffusion of general intelligence—they afford opportunities for social, intellectual, and moral advancement—the means of elevating man to his true position—objects that makes life worth living for. This is the great reason why a railroad increases the value of property; and in its power to humanize, elevate, enlighten and induce a higher civilization, I regard every railroad station as brother to a school and cousin-german to a church.

But railroads are not the only means of illustrating this principle. The highest priced land in Missouri is not necessarily the most productive. If you wish to find the richest and most inexhaustible soil in the State, you must search along some low bottom, upon the margin of a creek or river, where the few scattered inhabitants are proof against the poison of malaria and strychnine whisky. There you can purchase land for a mere song, and have your funeral celebrated soon afterwards. If you wish to find the highest priced land in the rural districts, you must search for a neighborhood of intelligent people, who have established good schools, churches, and all other means of social improvement. I have just such a neighborhood in my eye at this moment. A few years ago, much of the land in that vicinity was purchased at twelve and a half cents per acre. The land is mostly prairie, well watered, and supplied with sufficient timber for building, fencing and firewood. The soil, though excellent and well adapted to most of the crops grown in this latitude, would be reckoned second class when compared with some other portions of the State. A colony of enterprising men from Kentucky, with their families, have settled this neighborhood—men who have a just appreciation of the higher wants of our nature, and who have the will and ability to supply them. Already "the wilder ness is blossoming as the rose;" churches have been built, and are filled each

Sabbath with worshippers; first class schools have been established, that not only supply instruction for the youth of that neighborhood, but call in patronage from other parts of the State. Large farms have been opened, beautiful farm-houses constructed, orchards planted, most of the land has been inclosed, and a large portion is cultivated. This neighborhood is about thirty miles from a river or railroad, and you will find it in Pettis county, about ten miles from Georgetown. But if you wish to settle there, count your money first, for every acre of that bit-land will cost you from twenty to fifty dollars.

The same principle is quite as well illustrated by the character and history of towns. You will find, here and there, like angels' visits only in their scarcity, a little town that has grown up like a pestilent mul-ten stock ; has displayed its "full blown glories" to the country side, and then gone to seed. The country around is good enough, but the town has no element of thrift, and so it has been "finished and fenced in." The church and school-house are both ignored ; it has no occupa-tion above loafing, in which a portion of the inhabitants turn to living sun dials, and hitch around the corners with the moving shadow ; no institution above a doggery ; no amusements above pitching dollars for drams ; no aspirations above a cock-fight—and you can buy the best cor-ner lot for a barrel of Bourbon.

Find the opposite of this town, as you will here and there, nestled in a corner of the wood or prairie ; its glittering spires pointing to another world ; its neatly built seminaries offering preparation for the duties of this ; its clean streets and beautiful residences, and busy workshops, all betokening industry, intelligence and thrift. If you wish to settle in this town, you must pay a thousand dollars for a corner lot, and bind yourself to build a good house on it, in the bargain. This town is surrounded by no better country than the former, but it is settled by peo-ple whose tastes, and intellectual and moral aspirations are raised far above mere animal passions and appetites.

How many such towns can you recall at this moment, scattered like beacon lights, all over the United States ? They have few commercial advantages, but they have founded and fostered first-class seminaries and colleges, and by this means they have drawn within their circle, not only good taste, refinement, intelligence, learning, virtue and religion ; but an abundance of that other commodity, *wealth*. One of these cen-ters of intelligence—these beacon lights of civilization, was put out by the fire-fiend, a fortnight ago. The beautiful town of Danville, whose Colleges and Seminaries shed intellectual and moral light over the whole Commonwealth of Kentucky, and which was at once the pride and glory of that noble State, now lies in ashes ! But we need not fear for the re-sult—it is only a star obscured by a passing cloud. The fire did not destroy the people, and there is amongst them, wealth and intelligent energy sufficient to repair the disaster. If you visit the spot a year or two hence, you shall find that it has risen with more than Phoenix pow-er, from the ashes of its present desolation.

But let us glance at another phase of the subject. Knowledge is not only a producer, but a preserver of wealth. A right education of the masses, imparting not only the light of intelligence, but the principles of virtue, is the surest method of preserving property from useless waste and destruction. By the introduction of steam fire engines, you have reduced the premium on policies of insurance ; by fostering and perfec-ting your noble system of public schools, so that they may reach and bless every child in the city, you will reduce those insurance premiums still lower. In fact every well conducted school is an insurance office, giving intelligence and moral power, to withstand the inroads of vice and corruption ; forming an army ever ready to contend for the right, and defend against the inroads of violence and anarchy.

Look at your great city, as it sits like a queen beside the Father of Waters—already the thoroughfare of nations—the centre of commerce for ten millions of people, and destined to become the central inland metropolis of the Western Continent. What would be the effect upon your future fortune to inhibit every means of intellectual and moral culture?

Suppose that you put out the light in every school-house, seminary and church; drive the teacher from his desk, the priest from his altar, and destroy every temple consecrated to science or religion: How long would it require to bring the proudest city of the West to the lowest dust of degradation? A single generation would suffice to bring your population down to a barbarism worse than that of our aborigines, because it would still cling to the vices of civilization, after it had lost all its virtues. Where would you look for security or protection when the mad multitude, frenzied with passion, and led on by some champion in crime, burning with the lust of power and the greed of gold, should demolish your marble palaces, rifle your treasure vaults, and fill your streets with violence and blood? Would you call upon the police to stem the tide of anarchy? You might as well attempt to dam up yonder flood with corn stalks! No, if you are saved from the invasion of mobs—from a future reign of anarchy and blood—it must be by the conservative influence of intelligence and virtue, so widely diffused that every citizen will become a self-constituted conservator of the peace. St. Louis may well be proud of her position, and of the munificent provision she has made for the education of her children. Your school system stands to-day as a proud monument of the wisdom of your people; and you cannot afford to dispense with this educational machinery any more than you could to have the channel of the Mississippi turned from your borders. The last evil might be remedied, the first would bring immortal disgrace and irretrievable ruin.

Our State school system is another example in point. It has been inaugurated in wisdom and a just liberality. Its framers acted upon the principle that the true wealth of a State consisted in the intelligence and virtue of its people; and although the system still contends with some radical defects, its main features are liberal, just and politic. It devotes, amongst other public funds, one-fourth of the State revenue to the support of schools. Every man who pays a State tax of twenty dollars, receives five dollars of it back to educate his children; and the wealthy landholder who pays a tax of one hundred dollars, and has no children, pays twenty-five dollars a year to educate, the children of his less wealthy neighbors. Some of these last may think the law oppressive, which requires them to pay for the education of their neighbors' children. A more rational view of the case will show them that it is the most economical expenditure they can possibly make. Every dollar of their money, thus applied and properly used, goes to enhance the value of their possessions. It is in fact a case of the plainest justice; for if the diffusion of knowledge serves to increase the value of property, and to protect it from violence, then every man is equally bound to pay his share of the expense. St. Louis might with more plausibility, complain that fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year of her taxes go to support the schools in the less wealthy portions of the State. But this, too, is just—for your money goes to those sparsely settled counties where it is easier to raise children than dollars, and it will return to you in the general growth of the State, upon which your own prosperity is dependent. The general principle is, that property must protect itself, and Missouri could no more afford to dispense with her school system than she could with her courts of justice; for a well conducted school is worth a dozen jails, as a preventive of crime, a preserver of peace, and promoter of general prosperity.

But let us turn from this more general view of the subject, and inquire what education and enlightenment do for an individual as well as a community or nation. On this point the field is so wide that I must confine myself to a few suggestions, facts and illustrations. It does not require an argument to show that intellectual culture and discipline give to every man, not only a higher susceptibility of enjoyment and more extended means of usefulness, but a greatly increased power to acquire and hold property. The opposite of this would be an absurdity, showing that there is no necessity for a mechanic to learn his trade. But we find that in every department of human labor, from the highest to the humblest, that it is necessary to spend years of toil in order to acquire even that manual dexterity—that hand-education, which will secure success. At the plow, the anvil, the lathe, the loom and the bench, the apprentice must spend years of patient toil before he can become a master workman. But in addition to this mechanical training, which is absolutely necessary to any degree of success, every branch of science is more or less intimately connected with almost every department of labor, and the most intelligent and best read tiller of the soil or worker in metals will far outstrip his ignorant neighbor. A knowledge of scientific principles is just as important to the farmer and mechanic as to the teacher and philosopher. And even among the humblest operatives in our large manufacturing establishments, those who have had a tolerable English education, command fifty to one hundred per cent. higher wages than the thoroughly ignorant.

The same principle is well illustrated by the Institution in whose hall we are now assembled. There are hundreds of young men from the country, who are every year seeking their fortunes through an introduction to commercial life in the metropolis. Some of them come with very imperfect ideas of, and worse preparations for, their prospective duties. They trust to the counting-room, the warehouse and the levee, to learn both the theory and practice of commercial business; places where every blunder must compromise either the employer or the customer. It is not strange, under these circumstances, that many of them, after a brief trial, are found floating on the current of events, and trusting to the sublimity of luck; or, like the immortal Micawber, waiting patiently for something to "turn up." Preparation is necessary to secure success in every calling of life, and the young men who venture upon the commercial sea of this great metropolis, if they have not enjoyed previous means of training, would find it both politic and economical to spend a few months, and a few hundred dollars, if necessary, in studying the principles and practising the details of mercantile transactions, before launching their bark upon such stormy waters.

But we shall gain a better view of this point by looking at individual examples of men who, by the acquisition of knowledge, and the life-long pursuit of some great object, have added untold millions to the aggregate wealth of the world—men who have left their mark upon the world—men who have revolutionized whole social systems, moulded generations and made empires—men that have struck blows whose reverberations will be felt until the last hour of time. I do not allude now to the proud conqueror who ravages the earth with war and bloodshed, but to the philosopher, the statesman, and the humble artizan. He is the best philosopher whose practical studies and teachings ameliorate the condition of his race—who can "make two spears of grass grow in the place of one."

Such men as James Watt, who invented the first practical steam engine, and Robert Stephenson and Robert Fulton, who gave it locomotive power, both on land and sea, have added more wealth to the world than the millions of China could accumulate in centuries. By the first, labor was turned into a thousand new channels of profitable production; and

by the last, space was almost annihilated. A former voyage of a year is now accomplished in a month, and the weary journey of a fortnight between this city and New York, twenty years ago, is now performed in less than two days. The iron-horse that takes his breakfast of fire and water on the shores of the Atlantic, rushes on with mad haste, over hill and valley, and wide extended plain, through the whirling forest trees, and along the verge of the beetling precipice, over rushing torrents and through the bowels of the mountains; on, on with tireless energy to slake his evening thirst in the waters of the great lakes, and end his journey the following day on the banks of the Mississippi. And Morse, the great electrician, has spread a net work of iron nerves over the whole civilized world, which obliterates both time and space, and brings all the inhabitants of Christendom within whispering distance of each other. The last century has produced hundreds of such examples that are familiar to all. Arkwright, with his spinning jenny; Whitney with his cotton gin; Hoe with his cylinder press; McCormick with his reaper; Newton, Herschell, Kepler and LaPlace, to reveal the laws of universal nature; Franklin, Faraday, Miller and Liebeg, to unfold the mysteries of earth and air. The worth of their labor cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, for earth with all her countless treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, is too poor to pay for it. Such men live to bless their kind, and when their patient toil of life is ended, sink to their quiet rest,

"Leaving no memorial but a world,  
Made better by their lives."

They need no storied urn to preserve their ashes; no monument of brass or marble to record the history of their glorious deeds. Some of their names are written amongst the stars, some upon the solid rocks that rib the earth, and some are penciled by the lightnings wing upon the "viewless air;" and their memories will be enshrined in the hearts of grateful millions, down to the latest generations of men.

But to return from this course of thought, let me ask, in conclusion, if these things are so—if the education of the masses is necessary to secure social happiness and pecuniary prosperity, what obligations are at this moment pressing upon the people of this our favored State? I say favored, because Missouri, by position and possessions, holds a glorious pre-eminence—sitting like a queen amongst the sisters of our confederacy. In the center of a great continent, and of the richest valley in the world, she already holds the key of an immense commerce, and will soon become the half-way house between England and China. She has an expanse of territory sufficient to embrace Old England, with all her wealth and power. She has mountains of iron that could supply the world for centuries, with scarcely a sensible diminution. She has forty million acres of virgin soil, capable of supporting as many millions of people. Bounded and intersected by mighty rivers, whose fountains are nourished by the semi-Arctic snows of the Itasca, and the everlasting storms that breed and brood about the summits of the Sierra Nevada, and whose mingled flood of waters, after wandering through groves of the orange and palm, is finally swallowed up in the bosom of a tropical sea. On this fair inheritance are already settled more than a million of inhabitants, invited hither by our free government and fruitful soil, from every "nation, kindred and tribe under the whole heaven;" and as the tidings of our goodly State are wafted away on every breeze, "the cry is still they come"—Celt, Gaul, Saxon and Teuton; from the islands and continent of Europe: from the vine clad hills of France and Italy; from the sunny valleys of Spain, and the snowy peaks of the Dofrafield; from the mountains of Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine; and from every State and Territory in the American Union. Stimulated by the progress of our railroad system, a fresh tide of immigration is pouring

into our borders on every side; and it does not require the vision of a prophet to see five millions of people in Missouri within the next twenty years. Shall we place a cordon of sentinels upon our borders, to challenge, check and turn aside this living stream? You might as well bid the Mississippi flow upward to its fountains, or attempt to turn back the shadow on the dial of time! The multitudes are already here, and other multitudes are coming, and it remains for us to write the future destiny of the fairest State in Christendom. How shall these diverse elements, composed of a score of different nationalities, with their various languages, habits and sympathies, and sometimes antagonistic sentiments, be moulded into one great, homogeneous, harmonious, united people? Political platforms, legislation and courts of justice cannot do it. We must begin farther back than this. If the work is done at all, it must be done on that best of all political platforms, the school-room floor.

The children of these different nationalities, whose porcupine *sympathies* stand out so fiercely, must be gathered together under the instruction of intelligent, earnest teachers. Little Paddy and his sister Bridget, and Hans and Katarina, Parle Vous and little Mademoiselle, and Yankee Doodle and his sister Jerusha Ann, and Young America and Flora McFlimsy, and all the rest of the little juveniles, must be gathered and taught in one class, and as they grow up they will become one people. Not one in all their social, political or religious sentiments, but one in intelligence, patriotism and the fear of God.

And the same principles that fix the fortunes of your city and this State are equally applicable to this great confederacy. God has given us a glorious heritage on this continent, and every motive of love or interest, bids us to be a united people.

"Great God, we thank thee for this home,  
This bounteous birth-land of the free,  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty!  
Still may her flowers, untrampled, spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,  
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,  
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!"

Folly and fanaticism would break the golden chain of fraternity that binds us together, but the intelligence and virtue of the people still ward off the impending blow. Let politicians and place-men, fanatics and fire-eaters, howl *disunion* till their throats are blistered with yelling the watch-word of traitors. So long as the people remain true to themselves, no harm shall come to our Union or our liberties. The fair temple of American Liberty, whose every stone has been cemented by the blood of our fathers, or the tears of widowed mothers, shall not be torn down by the hands of fools and fanatics. There is no danger from demagogues, so long as the people are able to discover their real character. Our greatest peril lies in the pride, ambition and luxury of the rich, and the vice and ignorance of the multitude. Against such dangers the laws of commerce, and the influence of railroads and telegraphs cannot protect us. We must be held together by the moral cement of a virtuous education, that will reach and elevate every child within the bounds of this great Republic.

If we cherish and emulate the stern virtues of our fathers; if we return to simpler habits of life, and check the growing spirit of luxury and dissipation; if we hold with undying love and reverence to the Union, as the sheet anchor of our hope and safety; if we cultivate the spirit of fraternity with all, and frown upon sectional animosity and strife; above all, if we imbue the minds of youth, not only with learning but the love of country; with the principles of Bible virtue and Bible religion, then indeed, shall our prosperity be as a river, and our country as the garden of God.

But if we forget the price of blood with which our liberties were purchased, and heed not the voice of warning and wisdom that comes to us from the graves of our sires; if we spend our substance in riotous living, and worship the god of fashion more than the God of Heaven; if the lust of office and the desire for public plunder shall rule the minds of the great, whilst intemperance and infidelity destroy the health and corrupt the morals of the multitude; if we war with each other for opinion's sake, and sever the bonds of our holy fraternity, then shall our destruction be sudden, terrible and complete.

Liberty and Union have long dwelt together in peace and safety. The blow that crushes one will destroy the other, and both will sink into a bloody and dishonorable grave! Whenever patriotism is changed to politics, and discord breeds disunion, then shall the last star in the firmament of hope go out in darkness, the last pillar in the temple of our freedom rock on its base, and the sun of American liberty, as it goes down in an ocean of blood, shall sketch in characters of fire on the coming darkness, "woe to the nation that forgets my law!"

For the Missouri Educator.

#### SUGGESTIONS OF THE OLD BRICK SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Upon one of the hills that cluster at the foot of Mt. Monadnock stands an old brick school-house. Once, near by, "the old meeting-house" reared its stately spire and with an air of sacred sublimity seemed to hold converse with the clouds and guard the place. Limited in their interests, as well as in their location for many a long year they beheld the people come and go: overlooking their farms and their labors at all times, gladly receiving the visits and attendance of any who set apart a portion of their lives for mental and religious culture. Nor were the people neglectful of these high privileges. Troops of happy children on the week-day mornings might be seen gathering at the neighbors' houses, or where the roads meet, with satchels swinging from their shoulders, dinner baskets from their arms, and perchance bunches of flowers in their hands, arranged in the order of the fields from which they had been carelessly culled. Now they are full of prattle, from the thoughts which the new day has called into being. Their tongues have become well rested since yesternight, and grow weary and ache only from silence. Playhouse and dolls, lessons, dresses and flowers are their great themes. Now they walk along with seeming dignity; anon they are tripping gaily to the music of their own free laughter. Some are walking backward up the dusty road tempting the little ones to follow faster; others are dallying and delaying by the roadside, while older sisters are gently urging them to "come," and half dragging little, ruddy, chubby-cheeked brothers into obedience.

It was more beautiful still when the farmers and all who toiled during the tiring days of the week looked up, once in seven, and saw the Sabbath. The church spire did not keep its faithful watch, pointing upward in vain. The oxen were released from the yoke; the ringing of the anvil ceased; the shutters of the store were closed; boys listened not for the rattling of the stage along the hard road, nor gathered in groups in byways or in orchards. But with a gravity becoming the day of rest, yet a cheerfulness which was the natural fruit of their religion they sought the house of worship, to thank God for life and blessings; to be instructed, they and their children, in holiness and in truth.

Old men were there; some tottering on a staff while the summer

breeze touched soothingly their brows and felt of their silver locks. Aged mothers were in that throng, supported by brave and honest sons—dressed in black or dark clothing which was soon to give place to one change more—the one we all must wear, which is of spotless white. And there were youths and children who sat quietly in the high backed pews, who listened even if they heard not what the preacher said, and could generally tell the text if enough repeated and not too long. It was truly the festival day of the week; yet the Lord's festival. They looked upon each other and counted their blessings in joy, and with a holy pride. How blessed to be able to see in your fellow man a *king*, an heir of glory and immortality within yourself!

Slowly, yet with unseen swiftness—sires were yielding their places to their sons. Time winged itself away and change pursued as fast. New ones—faces unfamiliar and just beginning to beam with intelligence appeared, one by one, for the first time; while those bowed with the burden of years, whose senses were dimmed and whose life-tackle was worn with long service, went away to return not again.

The old brick school-house stands alone, to-day, for it is many years since, that the good people of that country town removed from its lofty site that ancient church; and many a true son returning after an absence of a score of years to trace out again the walks and friends of his childhood, looks in vain, as he approaches, for that sentinel of society, which from the commanding position was seen for miles away, and misses as a friend of his youth, "the old meeting-house upon the hill."

There is an air of venerableness and sublimity about that school-house: unlike the majority it has outlived its generation. It is no longer used for its original purpose—it is old-fashioned—but it is a school-house still. Scholars no longer assemble there as they were wont to do—in the morning at the call of the bell; but like an *alma mater*, as it truly is, it has many a vistor; as some revered and ancient shrine, there are many who pay to it their pilgrimage. Though "the rains have fallen and the winds beaten upon it," and even the lightning left its trace upon its walls, it stands with two-storied majesty and firmness still.

There is something lonely and solemn about it that passes description; and yet the curious devices in it, and the quaint recollections which rise with the scenes of boyish and *masterly* experience, there suggest a far difficult style of thought. We wish to laugh and cry by turn, and sometimes both at once.

Here on the backside of the building and leading under it, is a narrow passage through the under-pinning. The impenetrable darkness within was taken advantage of by the older boys to frighten the smaller ones, and especially the girls, with ideas of bears, and wildcats and mad-dogs and wolves, or less conceivable monsters, which they professed, in the most holy terms, to have seen, and in a very knowing and sincere manner supposed them to have their usual retreat and awful dens within. Strange sounds we imagined we often heard issuing from that terrible opening; occasional glimpses of weird shapes or eyes of saucer size, we thought we saw, and he was a brave boy who for the first three summers of infant school-going, dared even to pass by that fearful hole, if unattended and unwatched; It was a courage wonderful to one's self, later in the course, to be able to kneel at its very front and look calmly in. What if those hideous monsters should, quicker than thought, with snarl and growl and shriek, with sharp, strong teeth, with piercing claws and glaring eyes spring forth and seize? The superstitious fear which clung to boyhood, almost comes back at the thought! Although some never get bold enough to enter while we were together—and some who did, felt like those who are handling serpents—yet most could assist in impressing each summer's *new* recruit with their own earlier su-

perstitions and frightful fancies; so that it became, in latter-day phraseology, a "fixed institution."

Within the walls there will be found room far less fearful, if not more interesting associations; there is one thing however which though "different in its nature and use" does compare pretty favorably with what has been just described. We mean the *closet* under the stairway. It is weak in its terrors now, for the door is burst from the hinges; the stout button that fastened it so securely is gone; and the free day light shines in continually. But it was in every sense a *Black Hole*,—a perfect Bastile, to our youthful conceptions. It gave us an idea of tyranny which we hope will never be repeated. How often our ears rang with the shrieks and screams of terrified mis-doers, and to our minds oppressed innocence, we shall never attempt to tell. And it is still, as strange to our mind how any man of common sense and common feeling, could ever adopt for a child such a mode of punishment as that. One little fellow who was incarcerated there, fearing little or nothing, and by chance least of all the darkness, after quite a length of imprisonment one day startled the presidential dame of authority, and particularly the school by shouting from his solitude as though he would "make the deaf heavens to hear," "*I've got a mouse—I've got a mouse!*" So there were two prisoners instead of one. The door was soon opened and the young mouser proudly held up his trophy before the mistress and the curious children. How he caught it in that dungeon was the unceasing wonder. It would seem needless to add that the culprit was set at liberty; and the story is told, though the boy has become a man and a minister of the gospel.

The desk and throne of power, where the teacher generally "lingered near," like a beast near its lair, (and it is true that in those days we used to calculate on the master's being at least a *semi-savage*), stood in the corner of the room. Around, upon, in or under this contrivance, there was generally room for a few of the less troublesome offenders. If put *under* they were sure to look *over* it, if ever the teacher's back was turned; if they were put *in*, they peeped *out*, or most certainly displayed one foot or hand, or both. If placed *around*, they enjoyed, or rather suffered still greater latitude. Sometimes a few raps of the ferule upon their craniums or a rather *smarter* application of whalebone to their auricular appendages, brought down their aspirations and essentially reduced their longitude for a brief season. But our memories were often *really* as short as we thought our lessons were long. In this desk—when the teacher was *out*—were discovered divers and sundry "somethings" which had to us the interest and mystery of antiquities. We allude to blocks illustrating various geometrical solids and some *not* very geometrical; specimens of damaged apparatus; strange looking documents, which as abecedarians we vainly attempted to comprehend; not unfrequently our own personal property in the forms of pocket-knives, marbles, whip-cord, pop-guns, walnuts, fish-lines, jumping-jacks and whirligigs—all trinkets of immense value to us, and of course beheld with longing eyes; also much other rubbish strange to look upon and which for want of better reason, we supposed the master to have relentlessly appropriated and perverted to his own use in his highway robbery upon our predecessors. It was with some of us quite a moral question, whether, since the master often took what was *not* his own, it would not be right, and perhaps highly proper, for us to take back what *was* our own. We do not know that any one ventured to test it, however.

The "seats," which were mostly made of thick pine plank, rose as the tiers of houses in the city of Algiers, one above and behind another. They had perpendicular backs, unless square and plumb-line were mistaken. Their height did not invariably correspond to the longevity of our limbs, so that we often found ourselves suspended and swinging

'twixt heaven and earth, owing to the choice of "high seats" we had made. They were infinitely tiresome in the long summer days; yet we never failed to get back as far, and up as high as possible, for we were politicians enough to desire high position even then, and cared little as they whether we filled it.

Once the "benches" or "seats" were all supplied with shelves for books, but it was in "time immemorial" to us. For in our earliest remembrance it was the custom for the boy who first gained admission on the Monday morning of the opening of the term, to assign to his own use the best shelf he could find in the room, excepting those on "the girls' side" of the house, which sense of chivalry rendered safe from depredation. This species of petty larceny or retail robbery sometimes gave rise to feuds and seditions, if not open rebellion. Shelves were sawed, and split, and broken; they were exchanged by night and lost at short notice, and no notice at all. Nails were no protection. And now the merest relics of but few are to be seen.

Jack-knives were in demand in those days, and from all evidence we think the supply was equal to it. Seats posts, doors window caseings, in short all that was penetrable to steel was one grand illustrated conjugation of the verb *to whittle*: I whittle, You whittle, He whittles; Plural, We whittle, You whittle, They whittle. Here are "wood cuts" representing various departments in arts and letters—particularly the latter; illustrating natural, and very unnatural history. Here are fly-holes and knot-holes alike showing traces of the blade. But more interesting than all, here are names. Perhaps not known to science or fame, but not strangers to affectionate remembrance. How much there is in a name! We repeat it to ourselves and at the involuntary call, their forms, almost like new creations, are present to our eyes. We converse with those whom years have separated from us. We seem to grasp the hand of those who were, but are not. Alas! these deserted halls these silent vestiges speak of realities too. "Henry S——," consumption but a short time since removed him from a young wife and family who mingle their griefs with those of aged parents. "Oliver P——." The Mexican war found him engaged in the conflict; was last heard of in California. Here are some traced in more delicate characters. "Mary M——." Her bright eyes and cheerful countenance, her dark tresses and airy form won for her the name of being most beautiful of all who once assembled. Her voice warbled in song like a wood-bird's. She is remembered by all who ever knew her. A marble monument in a distant town tells where she sleeps. Her young life sought its perfection in Heaven. "Maria." Sweet indeed is thy memory, but sad. There was none so amiable, as modest as the most retiring flower of the valley,—as pure as a lily. Not a child, however humble and timid but found a friend in thee. Their voice was the voice of love to all who heard thee. But what are these? alas! our tears have already moistened thy name. From the very window where we stand, by the very shore of a little lake, in the old church-yard we can almost see the obelisk that tells now where thou art. We recall to mind the day—the wintry day—when a bereaved husband and a large concourse of friends followed thee to thy last resting place, from that newly made —now desolate home.

There are many other names of perhaps equal interest—some living—some dead. Long ere this they have all forgotten that these mementoes remain to suggest their history. If they should return they would be surprised to meet with them. But so life always leaves its traces whether we would or no. Our names are registered in our very thoughtlessness; and those who come after will read and comment as we have done. The old brick school-house here has treasured the archives of a little world.

This particular seat by the window was greatly sought. From the thickness of the wall, was extra room for books or slates, apples, and other dinner delicacies as circumstances might suggest. More than all it afforded opportunity to look out upon the fields and woods; to watch passers-by, and in summer it gave entrance to the cool breeze. We of course feel sorry to record that, on account of its lowness, or the height of the desk in front, some of the larger and more self-confident boys, taking advantage of the partial concealment which the place afforded, disregarding alike both teacher and rules, except to "keep an eye out" were often seen carrying on quite an extensive commercial intercourse with freedom and out-doors, and a total absence from the school-room. On one occasion an old farmer near by, who had observed the indiscriminate latitude of these youngsters, which was gained by their jumping so numerously from this window—very carefully scattered thistles and briars in the grass beneath. Before the first hour of the morning was gone, having a good chance, bare-footed and bare-handed out dropped two or three from the window. Much to the amazement of the author of their misfortune, who saw the result of his experiment from a distance, they took up their feet in quick succession—absolutely dancing from pain, and hastened sometimes on one foot and scarcely ever on both to some place to sit down to the great relief of their soles (souls), when the "prickers" as they called them were withdrawn. From this experiment they learned the use of that adage which says "Look before you leap."

The steps or "alleys" which lead up between the rows of seats look much worn. Up and down these we ran with reckless speed, at intermission and play-hours. The game "tag" if commenced generally lasted until the teacher came unless some one broke his head before. When the foot stumbled the head immediately manifested its affinity for the corner of the seat. Thus innocent blood was spilt. Yet experience seemed to teach very little in this matter; as oft subdued as oft renewed. Down these alleys rolled whatever was round, that we did not wish to have seen. All sorts of balls, then, and not very seldom an apple went bounding the steps to our great terror. Throwing however, this tendency of round bodies, and being aware of the penetrable texture of the apple, we generally at a convenient opportunity, bit out several pieces from one side, thereby destroying its symmetry, and rendering its detention more sure. But we were sometimes not thorough enough in the work, when down it would go in spite of us, showing to the school as the master picked it up (for he seemed to be particularly fond of fruit) the unmistakable *absence* of only two or three luckless "bites." He was frequently heard complaining that he could never get the first chance at an apple—somebody had always tasted before he could get hold of it. We never liked the looks of our teeth-prints in the master's hands.

The door, leading out into the long hall or entry which answered the double purpose of a wood-shed and a clothes-press, is now bereft of two of its panels. Long ago it was thought by some of the more ingenious fellows, that at least one should be removed for the accommodation of the smaller boys in their ingress and egress. The plan was executed much to the righteous indignation of the then teacher, and the satisfaction of the little urchins. This economy of passage seemed to us quite a triumph of scientific *out-and-in-duction*. Certain it is, the breach was never repaired and stands a witness to the weakness of monarchical institutions and the progress of "Young America."

The great fire-place, where contrary to all parental injunction, we burned our new boots and scratched the legs of our trousers of cold mornings, looks just as it used to. How we, huddled about that, to feel its grateful warmth! What chats went round, and laughing cheeks went rounder. Now and then all innocently and unperceived we stood

next to "the little girl with flaxen hair" we loved the best. Of course the oppressive secret was as yet locked securely, as we fancied, in our own young hearts. We would not have it get *out* for the world. It was no small matter to us. At one time three or four of us thought Emily was by considerable, the *smartest and prettiest and best*. But in each others company, jealous as we could be, we professed the most contemptible indifference to her charms and spoke in glowing terms of Julia, Lucy, Ellen and Mary Jane, for whom we cared not a straw. But then we were not so silly as to love one all the time. Sometimes our affections changed with the season and sometimes with the weather. Really, we were quite impartial, and loved them all by turn. It was but child's play, and to all equally alike fair. When we get older likes and dislikes are established with our characters.

It is fearful to think what piles of wood have been consumed in that fire-place: what beds of living coals accumulated! Even then, in blustering weather, our feet got cold, or we *thought* they did, and we asked to go to the fire as often as we thought there was any chance to gain permission. Some, to show the teacher how much they suffered, rubbed their hands, assumed doleful looking faces, wrapped their coat-collars and tippets about their throats, and shivered in a singular artificial manner. Their plan generally prevailed. Later a stove was introduced which relieved in some measure the complaint of cold.

But why go on? The old brick school-house could tell tales that time would fail us to record. It is, truly, one grand, accumulative memorial of the past. Though the mental machinery that has *run* in it, has shaken and worn and defaced it; though panes and panel have failed, and though deserted and neglected by the gay throng of children and youths, yet we rejoice that its walls and foundations are still firm and enduring; and we shall hear with sorrow of their sale to the master-builder, to be removed from that sacred spot.

*That old brick school-house!* Memory has treasured no scene of our early lives, not an event or trial of our childhood, but *that*, with its associations, is sufficient to suggest! With tools or toys, at work or play, at home or abroad, with books or birds, summer or winter, it had something to do with our thoughts, our words, our actions, our *lives*. Is it so much to be wondered then, that we behold it with a sort of reverence? Some of us are men now, at least we are trying to be; and how much we are indebted to the discipline and instruction we received there, we cannot know. Parents did what they were able, teachers did what they could, to make us both good and wise. Let us not underrate our early advantages, though they were not as perfect as are enjoyed now. He who receives is accountable, rather than he who gives; and the manner of receiving is more than the size of the gift.

But, kind friends, pardon the writer that this communication has been thus indefinitely extended, and be assured the next one shall at least be better than this in one respect, it shall be shorter—having less verbiage, to say nothing of ideas.

L. C. J.

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Cornelius Conway Felton, the present learned Greek Professor, has been elected by a unanimous vote, President of Harvard College, in place of the Rev. James Walker, resigned.

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Religion is a willing obedience to the laws of God.

## CEDAR COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

STOCKTON, Cedar county, Mo., Feb. 11th, 1860.

Pursuant to notice, there was a meeting of the teachers of Common Schools in Cedar county, for the purpose of organizing a Teacher's Institute.

The meeting was organized by electing Z. D. Gennan, Chairman, and N. N. McQueen, Secretary. The Chairman in a few pointed and appropriate remarks stated the object of the meeting. R. Cahill, Esq., being called upon, delivered an able address on the subject of education. R. Tuggle, Esq., and others, also addressed the meeting. On motion of J. J. Gravely, the meeting resolved itself into a Teacher's Institute. On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed officers of the society, to hold their several offices until a constitution and by-laws are adopted: President, Z. D. Gennan, Esq.; Vice President, N. N. McQueen; Secretary, R. Cahill, Esq.; Critic, J. L. Gennan.

On motion to appoint a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, the Chair appointed R. Cahill, Esq., J. J. Gravely, and Marion Williams. On motion of R. Cahill, the President was added to said committee.

The following teachers were then appointed to instruct the several classes at the next meeting of the society: Algebra, R. Cahill, Esq.; Philosophy, R. Tuggle; Grammar, F. Marion Williams; Arithmetic, J. J. Gravely; Geography, A. Hocker; Reading, N. N. McQueen, and Orthography, J. L. Gennan.

J. L. Gennan then moved that the Secretary forward a copy of the proceedings of this meeting to the Missouri EDUCATOR, requesting the editor to publish them. The meeting then adjourned to meet the 2nd Tuesday in August next.

Z. D. GENNAN, President.

N. N. MCQUEEN, Secretary.

**SCHOOLS IN TEXAS.**—Texas has no regular school system, nor can a country so sparsely settled as this have a very perfect one. There are no organized districts, and no law about schools, except concerning the distribution of the public money, and reporting the scholastic population, and schools taught, etc. The State has appropriated two million dollars, and one-tenth of the annual State Taxes, besides the land grant, as a school fund. The interest accruing from this is the general school fund, and is apportioned, every September, among the different counties, according to the scholastic population. The county courts then pay the tuition of orphans and children of indigent parents, not to exceed ten cents per day for actual attendance for the year past, according to their daily attendance at school.

All of the schools are, in fact, private schools. The public generally furnish the school buildings, and the teacher teaches at a regular tuition per pupil, and receives his pay from his patrons, excepting the indigent pupils, and those are at his option to take or not.

Generally the sexes are separately educated, and the schools are the pets of the different churches, which, together, cause much discord. Paris, a city of two thousand inhabitants, has six different schools.

BALLADS are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedge rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time.

## Editorial Department.

All communications and business letters should be addressed to "MISSOURI EDUCATOR, Jefferson City, Mo."

### LETTER FROM PROF. TRACY.

DEAR DOCTOR:—My spring work is commencing in good earnest, and I am anticipating many pleasant days amongst the teachers, the people and their children. As you are well aware, the great object of my mission is, to excite a deeper interest on the subject of popular education, amongst all classes, and to improve, so far as I may, the condition of schools and teaching in Missouri. To excite a lively interest and secure a healthful action, on the part of both teachers and people, it is only necessary to obtain their earnest attention, and induce them to *think* upon the subject. To accomplish these great objects I am willing to do all in my power; and from the many pressing invitations already received, and others that are daily coming to hand, you need not expect to see me in Jefferson City very long at a time during the next six or eight months.

To secure the attendance of pupils, as well as parents and teachers, a portion of the time at least, at meetings of County Associations, I have made the following proposition in a few counties, and now extend it to all the counties I can visit, where they wish to avail themselves of it. The object of the proposition is two-fold, First, to secure the presence and excite the interest of both young and old in measures of school improvement; and second, to induce the youth of the county to use especial diligence in perfecting their knowledge of one of the most important branches of an English education. For this purpose I propose an exercise in spelling, to be participated in by any of the youth of the county that choose. The exercise will be arranged and conducted as follows: I shall select *one hundred words*, that may be found either in WEBSTER's or McGUFFEY's Speller. These words will not be communicated to any one in the county until they are actually given out to the spelling class. At the time appointed, all those who wish to participate in the exercise, will assemble in some convenient building, and each will be supplied with paper and pencil. When the first word is announced it will be repeated in concert by all the scholars, to show that it has been understood, and then written. The same course will be pursued until the hundred words are pronounced and written; after which the strips of paper endorsed with the numbers (not the names) of the spellers, will be placed in the hands of an Examining Committee, who

will deduct every mis-spelled word from each paper, and place as the result the number of correctly spelled words. By this course it will be seen that there can be no chance of partiality or collusion, and it will be a fair and equal test, inasmuch as *every pupil must spell every word*. It should be added, in this connexion, that the superintendent of the exercise will take the name of each speller before the trial commences, giving to it a number, both on the catalogue of names which he takes, and on the paper used by such scholar in the spelling exercise. By this means he will be able to add the names to the successful papers returned by the Examining Committee. To the pupil whose paper shows the highest record, provided it indicates more than seventy-five words *correctly spelled*, I will present a handsome copy of WEBSTER's New Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary, one of the most valuable works ever issued from the American Press. If there should be two or more of the best spellers, having exactly the same record, they must draw lots for the *first prize*, and the unsuccessful ones receive a subordinate prize, and a certificate showing that their exercise was *equal to the best*. All others who exceed seventy-five words correctly spelled, will receive a large and handsomely engraved certificate, which will indicate exactly the grade of the one who receives it, and where it approximates very closely to the highest, should be esteemed as almost equal in value to the prize itself.

In this mode of conducting the exercise, where the spelling is done by writing, there should be no hesitation on the part of female pupils to join in it. In the counties where preparation is already entered upon, the girls and young ladies are taking the deepest interest in the matter, and the Speller seems likely to attain its proper position once more, amongst the multitude of school books. Indeed, the grievous and shameful neglect of orthography as well as reading, in many of our schools, has been an additional motive inducing me to make the above proposition. It is too often the case that when a child can stumble and stammer through a Second or Third Reader, and spell his own name correctly, he is thought sufficiently advanced to leave these matters to take care of themselves, whilst he branches out into all the "ologies, onomies and graphies" of an academical course. It is a wretched fault and folly that should be corrected, for we cannot expect to raise a beautiful edifice upon a sandy foundation, and we must not expect to make good scholars of those who do not understand the use of the tools they have to work with—who have no practical knowledge of the language through which they must collect their ideas.

Those County Associations that desire to avail themselves of the above proposition will be kind enough to notify me at an early day, and if possible, leave the exact time of the meeting to be fixed by me. I shall generally arrange to allow the scholars six weeks or two months to brush up. At these meetings I would suggest that the session should commence by a public lecture on Thursday night. Let Friday be devoted to the proper work of a Teacher's Institute, and Friday night to another popular lecture, to which the public should be invited. Let Saturday be

given to the pupils, and the morning spent in the spelling exercise. If there is a disposition to give them a pic-nic, let this be done, and the prizes and certificates awarded as a finale to the exhibition. Wherever it can be done, let there be occasional exercises in vocal music, both at the lectures and on the day of Exhibition. If we show to parents that we are earnestly laboring for improvement in the schools, they will give us both their presence and their aid to carry forward so good a work.

Yours truly, J. L. TRACY

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### ANCIENT AND MODERN LANGUAGES.

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#### *First Book, or Introduction to German Grammar.*

*De Turcarum, Linguae indale ac Natura.*

These works are by Prof. F. L. O. ROEHRIG, of Philadelphia. The former is written in English, the latter in very good Latin. The Prof. is a teacher of languages of no small repute, and seems equally at home amongst the smoothly flowing and high sounding polysyllables of the old Roman tongue, and the jaw-breaking, tongue-twisting sounds of the modern Saxon, Teutonic and Slavonic dialects. We refer to these works, not for the purpose of noticing either their merits or defects. We frequently say more than we care to, even with one tongue, and must leave the treasures of ancient and modern classical lore to be dug up by those who have more taste, time and talent than ourselves to devote to such an enterprise. It is proper to add, in this connection, that Professor ROEHRIG is a candidate for the Chair of Languages in the State University.

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### PROF. TRACY'S LECTURE.

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We publish, as the leading article in this number, an able and eloquent lecture, delivered by Prof. J. L. TRACY, in St. Louis, some two weeks ago. Although it has been published, in whole or in part, by the newspaper press, we desire to give it a more preservable, if not a more readable shape; and we have no fear that those who commence its perusal, will complain of its length. It is full of glowing thoughts that come fresh from a mind deeply imbued with the true spirit of progress. With the learning and experience of fifty years; with a marked ability to speak and write for the edification of both old and young; and a heart as young, and an energy as indomitable as they were twenty years ago, he has undertaken to "preach the Gospel of Common Schools" in Missouri. He is laboring earnestly and successfully to advance the interests of popular education, in the only way that effort can accomplish the proposed object; amongst the "teachers, the people and the

children." With all our heart, we bid him God speed in this noble enterprise, and whether he works in a private capacity, or under the sanction of official authority, we trust that his labors may be long continued.

His very liberal proposition, contained in his letter, on another page of this number, will excite much interest amongst both teachers and scholars. We understand that St. Louis city, Cole, Jefferson, Osage and several other counties have already accepted the proposition.

#### COLE COUNTY TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION.

The Association convened February 24th, in Cotsworth's Hall. Pres. W. D. Fielding in the Chair. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. John J. Cooke. On motion, the report of the Committee on By-Laws was received and adopted.

By-Laws, Art. 1st. The meetings of the Association shall be opened with prayer.

Art. 2d. Every male member of this Association shall pay an initiation and at each annual meeting a fee of fifty cents.

Art. 3d. There shall be in connection with this Association a censor, who shall be appointed by the President from day to day during the session of said Association, whose duty it shall be to act as critic of all matter written or spoken in the session of said body.

Art. 4th. All resolutions must be presented in writing.

The President appointed Prof. Tracy, Censor.

A call being made for persons to become members, the following persons gave their names: Prof. W. D. FIELDING, Prof. J. L. TRACY, Mr. J. W. MURPHY, Dr. A. PEARODY, L. L. HARTMAN, Hon. W. B. STARKE, Mr. M. L. HILL, Mr. JAS. S. CLARK, THOS. J. HENDERSON, Esq., Miss LYDIA CHESSMAN, Miss JENNIE STEVENS, Miss DORA E. LISLE, Miss LIZZIE CHEESEMAN, Miss SUE STITH, Mrs. D. U. PAYNE.

On motion, Rev. John J. Cooke was elected an honorary member.

A call for declamations being made, Masters Ewing and Master Bolton responded, Young America like, in an elegant and graceful manner.

Prof. Tracy expressed his gratification at seeing so many of the pupils of the schools present, and to secure their attendance at a future spring meeting of this Institute, and to incite them in the meantime, to greater diligence in prosecuting an important branch of study, he made the following proposition, which was adopted by the Association, and a vote of thanks returned.

He proposed that at the next meeting of the Institute in May, he would select one hundred words from Webster's Elementary Speller, to constitute a spelling exercise for any of the youth of the county who chose to participate in it. To the best speller he would give as a prize, Webster's New Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary, one of the most valuable works ever issued from the American press. To all others who should come up to the grade of seventy-five per cent, that is, spell seventy-five or more of the hundred words correctly, he would give a handsomely engraved certificate, which would indicate exactly the grade of the pupil obtaining it, and which should be esteemed as almost equal to the prize.

This liberal proposition excited much interest among the juveniles,

and we look to it as a fresh source of interest at the next meeting. The Professor also announced that he intended to make the same proposition to all the associations whose meetings he could visit the coming spring and summer.

[For further particulars respecting this proposition, see the Professor's letter in another part of this No.—ED.]

Geography being made the subject of discussion for the remainder of the session, Mr. M. L. Hill, to whom this subject had been assigned, addressed the Institute upon the importance and utility of the science, and also exhibited his method of teaching it from outline maps. The lecture was interesting and instructive.

On motion, a Committee of three was appointed to arrange the order of exercises for the next session. The Chair appointed Messrs. Murphy, Peabody and Henderson.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the Female College at 7½ p. m.

#### ADJOURNED SESSION.

The meeting was opened with music by Miss Fannie Hereford.

The lecturer for the evening, Mr. Jas. S. Clark was then introduced by the Chair. His theme was "Popular Education." The speaker evidently showed that he had thought much upon the subject, and as a legitimate result the audience was delighted.

Music by Miss Lorenda Sparks.

The report of the Committee on the order of exercises for the next session was then read and received.

Music by Miss Elmira Sparks.

Prof Fielding presented a class of young ladies for examination in Intellectual Algebra. The recitation was highly interesting to all. The young ladies acquitted themselves nobly. They reflected honor not only upon themselves but also upon their teachers, parents and friends of the College.

Music by Miss Fannie Hereford and Miss Lily Lillet.

An Essay by Miss Dora E. Lisle—theme Moral and Mental Culture—was read by Mr. Hill. This essay is characterized by sound reasoning. The thoughts presented could flow from none other than a cultivated mind.

On motion adjourned.

#### SATURDAY 25TH.

Pres. Fielding in the Chair.

Prayer by Mr. Jas. S. Clark.

Music by Miss Lily Lillet.

Algebra being the first thing in order, T. J. Henderson, Esq., after a few brief remarks, elucidated very satisfactorily some of the most difficult principles; and no doubt many thanks were given, unuttered, for his methods of solution.

Music by Miss Lizzie Miller.

Reading was then taken up by Dr. A. Peabody. The Doctor is certainly a fine reader. His selections were taken from the Bible.

Next in order was the report of the Censor.

On motion adjourned.

#### AFTERNOON.

The Institute was opened with prayer, by Rev. John J. Cooke.

Music by Miss Annie Ewing.

An exercise in spelling was conducted by L. L. Hartman, which was followed by a lecture upon Arithmetic by Mr. Murphy. The lecturer claimed that the science of numbers was of paramount importance to our common schools. That a practical knowledge of it was within the reach of all men, and that it was the duty of every man to avail himself of its advantages.

Prof. Fielding delivered a lecture upon Grammar. It was his opinion that this subject should be taught by lectures.

Music by Miss Fannie Hereford.

Essay by Miss Jennie Stevens—theme, School Discipline—read by Dr. A. Peabody. A comparison was instituted between nations, families and schools; and the law of kindness was the mode preferred of all others for the government of nations and families, hence the maximum for the school.

The report of the Censor being called, the Rev. John J. Cooke addressed the Institute with reference to criticisms; and he also spoke of the pleasure that it afforded him of meeting with the Association. His remarks had a tendency to cheer our hearts.

On motion, that the Secretary be requested to solicit the essays to be filed in the archives of the Association.

On motion, that the lecturer be requested to furnish a copy of his lecture, for publication, to the Missouri EDUCATOR.

#### ADJOURNED SESSION.

The Institute was opened with music by Miss Lorenda Sparks. After which Mr. Clark addressed the Institute upon the subject of Arithmetic.

Next in order was a discussion upon School Discipline opened by Mr. Henderson, followed by Prof. Fielding, Clark and Hartman.

Music by Miss Lizzie Miller.

On motion, that the Treasurer be instructed to pay Mr. Cotsworth one dollar and a half, for the use of his Hall.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the young ladies of the College for favoring us with music.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Institute be tendered to Prof. Fielding for the use of his school room.

Music by Miss Bolton.

On motion, adjourned *sine die*.

L. L. HARTMAN, Secretary.

W. D. FIELDING, President.

For the Missouri Educator.

#### TEACHING GEOGRAPHY.

BY ED. AUG. KILSAN, HERMANN, MO.

Geography is an associating science, and has to establish connections between various sciences, which ought not to stand by themselves. Geography is not only the one eye of history, it is also that of the natural sciences; without it too, historical events, place and distance are missing; to natural products, their places of origin; popular astronomy loses its whole starting point; geometrical investigation one of its most important impulses.

Therefore, geographical instruction has to endeavor to pursue and exhibit Geography in connection with history and natural sciences, in the same manner as with mathematical science, to impart to the intuitive conception of the pupil, a clear picture of Earth as a whole, as well as of her single parts. Only by intuition can a complete view be

obtained. The completeness of a geographical picture is based upon five principal features, viz:

- 1, *Figuration.*
- 2, *Elevation.*
- 3, *Vegetation.*
- 4, *Animalization.*
- 5, *Population.*

No geographical picture can be called complete without each of these. Therefore, the teacher has to write them into one picture, then to fill the space with life. To gain this, the following method may be pursued:

1. I speak here, (as may be understood,) only of a completeness in regard to our common schools; to a higher completeness "Formation" should be counted as one of the above named features. This may be left for the College, or self-instructor.

2. The primary institution is not included here, it is pre-supposed that the pupil is acquainted with the geographical pre-conceptions or terms, i.e. that he knows what mountains, chains, rivers, plains, prairies, deserts, &c., &c., are. The primary instruction may be the subject of another article.

Bring before the pupil a map, which gives in sharp and clear outlines, the picture of a part of the Earth, or of a single country, and its proportions to the adjoining parts or countries. The map must exhibit an accurate, for the eye, and an easily recognisable representation of the mountain chains, "elevation" and the therefrom depending river-systems; and contain of names no more than is absolutely necessary; for an almost blank looking map is more certainly and deeply impressed upon memory. Upon this map, point out to the pupil the figure of the whole, and in parts—"figuration"—"configuration"—the mountain chains and rivers—elevation—then give the pupil a description of the vegetable and animal kingdom proper to that part or country under consideration—*vegetation and animalization*.

If these descriptions could be illustrated by illuminated pictures, it would be more desirable, as a description in words only, leaves too much to the imagination of the child, who will therefrom form an inaccurate view. Illustrated botanical and zoological works, atlases and charts will furnish a variety of illustrations. Then proceed to the human race—*population*—in regard to their civilization and historical development.

If, in examining the parts of the world, their surface and form, proper attention is paid to natural history, sure elements for physical geography are obtained; whereas, on the other side, when in viewing the single countries, geography is connected with history, the earth gains her full denotement and dignity, as the theatre of human existence and human culture.

There are predominant, the works of nature in their manifold forms, characterizing the parts of the world; here the works of man according as people and country appear alive and intellectually expressed in them.

But of natural science and history, not more should be given than is in accordance with the clearness of the picture of the earth, and the geographical ends of the school.

Thus, a clear conception of geographical knowledge is gained; the lessons are enlivened, and the pupil will not complain of the dryness of the study, as is now generally the case.

We feel inclined to add a few words to the remarks of our correspondent, upon the subject of teaching Geography. *Imprimis*: The same blunder is committed with regard to text books and modes of

teaching Geography, as in most branches of school study. There is a constant disposition to get the "cart before the horse," substituting trivialities for realities—shadows for substance—beginning with trifles and ending with follies. If there is any branch of learning where the knowledge should be thoroughly classified, in order to be remembered, that branch is Geography. It is made up of an almost infinite number of facts, some of them very important, others scarcely worth recollecting. In many of the text books, these heterogeneous items of knowledge are thrown together in a confused mass, "without form or comeliness," a sort of scientific chaos, and utterly "void."

We have some disagreeable reminiscences of the first time we traveled that road, under the guidance of the first editions of School Geographies, ever issued in the United States. It seemed to us like a weary, monotonous desert, where every State was stereotyped with "a mild climate, a fertile soil and undulating surface." No matter if mountains were piled "Ossa on Pelion," it would only change the song by making portions of the country "uneven and hilly."

How we wondered if there was any portion of the world where they did not export "beef, pork, butter and cheese," and how we rejoiced at last, when the dreary monotony was broken by the sand hills and rice-fields of the Old North State, and we found them shipping large quantities of "pine lumber, lampblack, pitch, tar, and turpentine." The fault in this case lies in the fact, that instead of giving the great features of physical geography belonging to the same grand division of the earth's surface, including mountain ranges, rivers, variations of soil, climate, &c.; they attempt to do this for each *political* division, however small, thus losing all distinctiveness in description, and leaving "confusion worse confounded" in the mind of a pupil. We do not mean that there should be no allusion to the physical features of each State, but that a clear impression of these features, for a whole continent or section of a continent, should first be made upon the mind of a pupil. Let him, for instance, get a correct idea of the position of Missouri, as forming a part of the great valley between the Appalachian chain on the East and the Rocky Mountains on the West, also of its latitude and climate; then learn the peculiarities of soil and surface in different portions of the State.

We would gladly extend our remarks upon this subject, but the printer cries "enough," and we must defer what we would say to a future number.

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#### OUR COMMON SCHOOLS—THEIR PRESENT WANTS.

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Under the above caption, the Wisconsin *Journal of Education*, after preliminaries, confesses that modifications are needed in the common school law of that State, and dissenting from the opinion that

places the University, College, and Academy, first in the list of agencies employed in the great work of popular education, under the influence of which not more than one-tenth of the great mass can ever be brought, and stating, very justly, "that it requires the highest order of talent to teach successfully a primary school, and that special training is necessary to complete the requisite qualifications," the writer adds:

"No truth is more evident than that successful reform must begin with the primary schools. Here the foundation must be wisely laid, and no future embellishments of the uprising structure can supply the defects of an insecure and unstable basis. The deficiencies in primary culture can never be remedied by subsequent training in higher schools. The beginning must be right to secure success. There are at least three thousand school districts in the State that need better teachers for their primary schools. How shall this demand be met? Will the Normal Departments of our High Schools and Academies furnish the requisite supply? We unhesitatingly reply—NEVER. The great defect of the present Normal School Law, evidently, is, that it places the work in the hands of those who make it of secondary importance, and resort to it mainly for the purpose of securing the premium offered for each normal scholar.

"There is no single question upon which distinguished educators are more unanimous in their opinions than upon the subject of Normal Schools. Their success in other States has established their utility beyond all question. They afford the most rapid and certain means of reaching the extremities of the system, and infusing life and vigor into those very points where such agencies are most needed.

"We ask for an entire change of the Normal School Law. We do not favor the lavish expenditure of funds upon costly edifices; we ask for the establishment of one or more Normal Schools, in plain, commodious structures, located at convenient points, and furnished with a corps of qualified, *working* teachers. We believe that the resources of the Normal Fund would very nearly defray the necessary expenditure. And when once established, with a subordinate system of Teachers' Institutes, a renovating power would be felt at the extreme ramifications of the whole system, which would place our common schools on a level with those of any State in the Union."

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#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

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We have frequently had occasion to notice, not only the judgment and good taste, but the energy and enterprise of Messrs. BARNES & BURR, the extensive publishers of New York City. They are not content even with a good school book, unless it is acknowledged to be the *best*. We are glad to see it announced that they have in preparation a School Philosophy, and from the pains they are taking in the matter, we shall be surprised if it is not the best text book of its class ever submitted to the American public. Prof. PECK, a distinguished member of the Faculty of Columbia College, has prepared the text, and the illustrations are to be executed by the first artists, whilst the work will bring the knowledge of Mechanical Philosophy, in a most attractive form, down to the day of its publication. A work of this kind is greatly needed, and will be eagerly sought after by teachers.

## Poetry.

From the Seminary Bell.

### M U S I N G .

I sit and view the present, with all its glowing train,  
I muse upon the future, and through my crowded brain,  
A thousand air castles, like bubbles on the wave,  
Upstart in rapid measure and soon find a grave.

The past comes gathering round me, and even wakes a sigh  
At thought of bright delusions, and withered laurel lies  
Unnoticed and uncared for along my pathway strown,  
The Fortune God has severed, before the bud had blown.

And so I view the present, the future, and the past,  
With all the sad forebodings around their titles cast,  
And think 'tis vanity to live within a world like this,  
So full of care and sorrow—so destitute of bliss.

I wish a bright and better—but, ah! I cannot ask,  
To share life's greatest blessings without the slightest task,  
For, as the blushing flower, upon its lowly bed,  
Would soon decay and wither, unless by showers fed.

So the bright son of Pleasure, remaining o'er my path,  
Would scorched the brightest flowers, unless with threat'ning wrath,  
The angry clouds of Trial should gather overhead,  
And on the drooping laurels abundant showers shed.

And so I ask for trials to hover o'er my way,  
'Though cold the piercing storms are and dismal be the day,  
But, when the clouds have showered, each with its dreary train,  
May Comfort's cheering sunshine appear to me again.

From the Prairie Farmer.

### THE TEACHER'S DUTIES.

BY S. A. HEGINBOTHAM.

*"In order to have thinking and intelligent people, we must have good schools."*

The fact contained in my motto cannot be too frequently stated and kept to public view. The future weal or woe of this mighty republic depends upon the education of her youth. An intelligent and virtuous people possess in themselves the true elements of stability and success. Intelligence—knowledge—is the strongest and noblest bulwark of any people. How momentous then must be the office and profession of the school teacher! His office, duties and responsibilities are of the most serious character and importance. He has to do for the mind what the physician does for the body; he has to remove the diseases of ignorance and darkness—to amputate the immoral and unlovely excrescences of the soul, to open the flood gates of light and knowledge, and to bring out and develop the highest moral principles, and to guide and adapt the mind for its proper position in business and in life. The teacher's requirements are of the highest order. Properly and efficiently to dis-

charge his duty, he must think, study and prepare himself for his intellectual labors. Successfully to teach, he himself must be taught; he must be apt to learn and apt to communicate: the less his own acquirements and information, the less is he adapted to discharge his solemn obligations, and the less adequate for his office. "Excelsior" must ever be his watchword.

The wealth of mind is incomparably more valuable than all the gold of peaks and rivers of modern days. Have we not frequently seen the freaks of fortune place on the highest pedestal of observation the ignorant but successful gamester, or the successful merchant or manufacturer, but with his rattling purse and coin how insignificant he looks, when he cannot speak or read or write correctly! Does not such an one envy the care-worn student, whose lamp at midnight has seldom been extinguished, and who has injured both his sight and health, in poring over the dusty and time-worn manuscripts of past ages, and holding solemn converse with the spirits of departed greatness.

Time cannot destroy the wealth of intellect, thieves cannot break into those sacred enclosures to rob or destroy that—no, it is as enduring as the eternal rocks, and forms man's highest enjoyment here and his happiness in the world to come. Such being the standard of its value, how important the office, how responsible and sacred the duties. The faithful, earnest, intelligent and affectionate teacher is worthy of the highest esteem and remuneration. While there are great and important duties devolving upon parents, and while they might by all their influences sustain and encourage him, still there are very serious and important considerations for the teacher's moments of retirement and hours of thought.

The character of his instruction and its success, the influence of his own personal habits and bearing, and the value he himself places on instruction, tell powerfully on the minds of his pupils. *Time* he must ever consider as valuable; wasted time cannot be recovered; as the shade disappears on the dial, and the hour glass has run out its sand, so must he take cognizance of the swift flying golden moments, the grains, the ticks of time, which make up the hours and days and years of time, and fill up the ocean of eternity. The words used in his school addresses and the style of his composition ought to be strictly correct and chaste. The style of his composition should be selected and formed with peculiar care. It is impossible to tell the force of right words and correct sentences: slang phrases, vulgar localisms, by all means avoid: the least inaccuracy in pronunciation is easily noticed and remarked; don't attempt to show off by long and foreign words—the simple beauty of our Saxon tongue is sufficient and ample for all purposes. What a rich fullness and impressiveness is there in the received version and translation of the Holy Scriptures. In the whole range of literature, is there a more touching or powerful appeal to the finest susceptibility of the soul, than is contained in the last prayer of the Redeemer, and can words create or exert a more enrapturing vision than the description given of heaven in the apocalypse of St. John. In forming a model or style of composition, can you excel the inimitable Pilgrim's Progress? Simple, Saxon words, says the eloquent preacher, Robert Hall, particularly affect us. The word tears at any time would cause him to weep, and he thought that the word "happiness" was more tender and expressive than the word "felicity."

Be particular and careful in the selection and choice of your words, and of your pronunciation also. The scholar generally imitates the master. The *alma mater* of many students can easily be discovered by their pronunciation, and many a smile arises during the delivery of a good speech from some inaccuracy in its delivery.

In correcting, command your temper, do not work yourself up into a

frenzy. Correct with moderation and kindness. A soft word turneth away wrath. He who can command his own temper has accomplished a greater feat than the conqueror of an empire. Learn to keep yourself under, as did one of old. If you cannot and will not command your own temper, how can you expect your scholars to command theirs? To see a teacher work himself up into a passion, shout and bawl, strut and storm about the school-room in anger, using brute force, turning his school into a bear garden, is a very unlovely and distressing sight, and speaks out loudly of the unfitness of such an one for his office. Forced teaching is totally unprofitable, and exerts a most baneful influence on the mind. The age of birch rods, ferules, canes, and such like torturous instruments, is past. They will only be treasured up in future in our museums, as evidences of what the youngsters had to contend with in the dark ages of cruel and inconsiderate schoolmen. Rule by love—appeal to the feelings, sympathies and hearts of your charge, and if you cannot influence, guide, correct and lead them in this way, you cannot do it by severity. Many a bright genius has been murdered, and many a tender heart broken in this way. Do not turn into ridicule the faults and failings of your scholars. Ridicule is like a poisoned dart, and its venom may last for a life-time and sting you at last. Vice and bad actions in all their horrid and varied forms are the only fit objects for ridicule, but never wound where you cannot heal.

Variety in your teaching will make instruction more pleasant and agreeable. Seize passing events, graft them in your lessons; the time may come when the *newspaper* will become a class book, and be regularly read in our best conducted schools. The newspaper and periodical press is doing more for the civilization of the world than nearly all our sects of learning, and all the professors' chairs. Wars and their location will afford useful lessons in geography; the commercial transactions of the day will teach arithmetic; the speeches of the Senate and Congress will teach us the art of reading and the science of grammar: fruits and flowers will teach us the interesting study of botany, and the gentle, glistening, pearly, sparkling dew the true chemistry of nature. Nature teaches us by pictures and pictorial teaching, and it is the thing to incite interest and impress the mind in the simplest manner with the most important lessons.

How is it that to some youthful minds school is such a detested place? It must be because there is some deficiency in the system or the teacher. Occasional efforts in music would have a happy influence: the sweet melody of the human voice is a great agent in subduing the asperities of our nature, it adds to the charm of home, it is the language of heaven and of angels, and as it is to form our never ceasing enjoyment there, why should we neglect its cultivation so much here? Make confidants of your scholars; tell them of the difficulties you have encountered and overcome: it will assist them in like straits, and encourage them in their studies. Talk often with the directors: tell them of the difficulties and results of your labors, of the improvements you think necessary in the school and school-house. Talk with the parents, and tell them of the success or otherwise of your scholars, and lastly well prepare yourself for your daily duties, and study to make yourself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; your duties will then be pleasant, and your instruction successful, and you will find that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are paths of peace."

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**Busy Body**—One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.

## LOOK ALOFT.

"Look aloft! look aloft!" was the emphatic direction of a chief officer on the quarter-deck of a tempest-tossed ship, to a man far up in the rigging. He was a green hand, and had been ordered to the mast-head upon duty. Gazing downward from the giddy height, he was bewildered; a tremor seized him; his grasp was fast relaxing; in a moment more he would have fallen upon the deck below and been dashed to pieces, or swallowed up in the yawning gulf. The officer saw his danger and knew the remedy—the only possible means of escape. Hence, the instant, urgent cry, "Look aloft! Look aloft!" Nothing could save that imperilled man but turning his eyes away from the fearful depths below and fixing them on the immeasurable expanse above. A spectacle so sublime would, by a law of his nature, restore him to calmness, and confidence, and strength. The man was saved.

But mark. This scene was witnessed by a youth on the deck. He was poor, uneducated, friendless; and had gone to sea as a means of procuring his bread, and perhaps also to gratify a roving disposition and a love of novelty. But the words—look aloft, look aloft—as they fell upon the ear of this foreign boy, suggested to him a much higher sense than they were intended to convey. "Where am I?" thought he, "what am I doing here? Shall I be content to remain an ignorant, reckless sailor, soon, perhaps, to be shipwrecked and lost at sea? or, still worse, to sink into an early grave, the victim of drunkenness and vice, leaving no trace of usefulness, no name of honor behind? forgotten as speedily as the bubble that bursts upon the ocean's bosom?"

From that moment his resolution was formed: "I will look aloft! I will look aloft!" was his noble resolve. He applied himself to the pursuit of knowledge; every opportunity was carefully improved, every moment faithfully employed. He advanced—onward and onward—till at last, after years of toil, he reached the Chair of Anatomy in one of our most distinguished Universities.

In a style clear, easy, vigorous and often very beautiful, he wrote much upon the natural sciences, also, and attained to great eminences in the department.

But he did not long stop here, lofty as position was. There was something higher which he had not yet reached—something to which, indeed, he not even looked. Let us follow him, then, a step further in his brief but brilliant history.

For some days he had missed a pupil from his public lectures. He inquired after him from his fellow students, and found that he was sick. With that sympathy which every professor should feel for every member of his class, he immediately went to see him. He found the young man very ill, nigh unto to death. The case was decidedly fatal; and the student, though perfectly aware of his own condition, was yet calm and cheerful.

The Professor was surprised at what he beheld. "Here," thought he, "is a young man, in the bright morn of life—talented—looking forward to high earthly position and much happiness—but all his prospects are now darkened, his hopes all cut off, and yet he is not at all impatient or depressed, but calm and cheerful. How can this be? Were I in his situation, I would be, of all men, the most miserable. There is a mystery about this case I cannot see through. I must inquire into it." He asked the sick student, how it was he could be so tranquil and cheerful in circumstances so sad? •The young man immediately revealed the secret of his happiness—"I am a Christian," said he—"a Christian!"

The Professor was too much of a philosopher and had too much of

common sense, not to be aware that there could be no effect without an adequate cause. He went home, therefore, took his neglected Bible from the shelf, and began to examine its teaching, in order to ascertain, if possible, how the reception of these could produce results so wonderful and benign. Ere long the truth, with Heaven's own brightness, shone into his heart, and he himself was made by divine grace to know, in his own soul, what it is to become a new and happy man in Jesus Christ. And thus was he, at last, let up step by step, to the sublimest realization of that suggestive cry that first aroused him to effort—"Look aloft! look aloft!"

This cry first fell on his ear—a poor sailor boy—and aroused him to a career of intellectual improvement—upward and onward, upward and onward—till he found himself in the Professor's Chair. And then, as we have seen, awakened to a conviction, by the facts witnessed at the dying bed of his young friend, that there must be still another height to which he had not yet attained, he again looked aloft, till "the day-star" dawned upon his heart.

From this time he walked forth, not merely as he had been wont, in all the usefulness and honor of an eminently scientific and literary man, and a richly furnished professional man; but in the still higher attributes of one whose distinguished privilege it was daily to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus;—one, therefore, whose character and life were thus manifestly clothed, in the eyes of all around him, with most sweet and powerful attractions toward the "life and immortality brought to light through the gospel."—[B. P. Aydelott, D. D.]

From the St. Joseph West.  
PRIMARY EDUCATION—No. 1.

**EDS. DAILY WEST:**—I propose to make a few remarks, from time to time, upon the subject mentioned above, and if you think them worthy of publication in the columns of your paper, they are at your disposal.

The subject of Primary Education is certainly of sufficient importance to claim the attention of all who are interested in the proper development of youthful minds; but it is nevertheless, the most neglected of any department in our system of schools, both public and private. Each teacher seeks, if possible, to avoid the *drudgery* of the primary department; and hence we find comparatively fewer persons who are fitted to teach small children successfully, than we do persons who can teach advanced classes successfully. And, as might naturally be expected from this state of facts, we find, upon visiting the schools in almost every locality, a total absence of almost any system of culture or training as far as primary scholars are concerned, while those more advanced are often well taught, and their progress rendered comparatively easy and rapid.

Visit almost any school-room in the western country, except where the graded system prevails, and you will find that the smaller children are called upon from one to four times during the entire day to say A, B, C's, or to spell a-b ab-s, or to go through some such wholly *meaningless* performance, while in the same school you will probably find an advanced class of scholars who have a recitation in Grammar, another in Arithmetic, another in Geography, and another in spelling, and who have opportunities, also to give some attention to writing, reading, &c., in all of which they are, if not well instructed, at least taught in a manner which causes them to understand that the subject before them means something, and that it is that something which they must strive to comprehend. But the primary scholars must be drilled day after day, week after week, and month after month, in A, B, C's, and in the combination of letters into syllables, &c., all of which, so far as their

comprehension of the matter is concerned, signifies absolutely nothing.

Now, I assert without any fear of successful contradiction, that all this primary drilling upon the letters and their combinations at the outset is wrong; and I will proceed to make the assertion good, first by arguments founded upon common sense, and secondly by a comparison of the results obtained by this method of teaching, with those obtained under a different system.

First, then, the common sense argument: Every one will admit that we first obtain ideas of things in the concrete instead of the abstract. That is, when any object is presented to the mind through the medium of any or all of the senses, we first form a conception of that object as a *whole*, after which we may proceed to analyze it and obtain a knowledge of its constituent parts. Our first idea of the object *stove*, for instance, is formed of the stove as a *whole*; without reference to its different plates, lids, doors, hinges, &c., and would be considered a poor practical teacher, who, when asked what the object presented was, should proceed to explain that the articles upon which it stands are called legs, this plate is the hearth, these hinges, these doors, and so on to the end of the chapter; and after all these things are committed to memory, and the pupil has learned to put them together and form the object, then tell him that all these separate parts when united form a *stove*. School teachers would unite in pronouncing such a method of teaching a person that a certain article is called a *stove*, an unmitigated humbug. And yet they are daily using a method identical in principle to teach their pupils that a certain *word* is called *stove*. They first teach the alphabet, then drill their pupils in the combinations of elementary sounds and the construction of syllables and words, and finally tell them that the letters *s-t-o-v-e*, when united in the proper order, form the word *stove*, and thus the pupils arrive at a knowledge of the *word* by means of a course of training, which their teachers would consider "ridiculously absurd" if it were employed in giving them a knowledge of the *object*. How absurd it would be to minutely describe feet, legs, hands, arms, and the various parts of the human system, and require these descriptions to be committed to memory before teaching the pupil that male children are called *boys*. And yet, according to the system under consideration, the beginner must spend months in committing the alphabet, and perhaps a longer time in learning to spell, before he can arrive at a knowledge of the written or printed word *boys*. But our knowledge of *things* is obtained by a method directly opposite to that which prevails in giving us a knowledge of their representatives. We first obtain a knowledge of an object as a *whole*, and then by analysis, we obtain a knowledge of its different elements and component parts. We have commenced with the human organism as *such*, and by analysis, learned the science of anatomy and physiology. We have commenced with the different plants in the vegetable kingdom as *wholes*, and by means of analysis been enabled to classify, arrange and systematize until the science of Botany is the result. The same method has been adopted in regard to the other sciences; and until we can analyze properly any attempt to proceed synthetically will meet with unsurmountable difficulties, and must prove, to a great extent, a failure.

Parker's Word Builder, and the great mass of our text books for beginners, are arranged upon the synthetical plan; so that the pupil must first be taught the letters, then to put two of them together and form a short syllable or word, then to combine three letters and so on through the whole course of primary training, thus pursuing a course directly opposed to the method necessarily adopted by us in obtaining a knowledge of anything which concerns us in every day life. But I think no further argument is necessary to show that the synthetical method of teaching beginners is unnatural, and should be rejected.

N.

## TEACHERS AND TEACHING.

It is obvious that there are a great many persons engaged in teaching, who were never fitted for it either by nature, grace or art. No person can be a successful teacher, who engages in it merely as a matter of money-making. There must be a love for the employment as such, and that love for it which makes him enter with a spirit of enthusiasm. Nor can any one be in the highest degree successful as a teacher, who has not a natural love for children. This only can give him that patience and forbearance necessary amid the thousand vexations occasioned both by the exuberance of youthful feeling, and the outbursts of juvenile depravity.

He must be able to transform himself at will into all the shades and grades of human development, from babydom up to the eighteen year old young man who regards himself a man, or the miss of sixteen whose vanity leads her to wonder that Pedagogue and all do not sit at her feet, and learn lessons of wisdom. Now he must ask himself, what course would be best adapted to me were I in their condition? He must not put out the fire of ambition, or reverse the propelling power, but direct the whole mental machinery to higher purposes and nobler ends. In conducting his charge to the good of knowledge, there must be the skill of the engineer, the *everywhereness* of the conductor, and the watchfulness of the switch-tender.

His love to his pupils will lead him to appreciate all their necessities. Relaxation and play is as needful to both mental and physical development, as food and study. It is in study as in labor, that

"All work and no play,  
Makes Jack a dull boy."

That Teacher who strives with a generous enthusiasm to promote the sport and happiness of his pupils out of school hours, and throws sunshine and gladness around their young lives, will draw them to himself, and soon gain a powerful ascendancy over them for good.

Supposing that we have the teacher properly constituted, what is the great object at which he should aim with his pupils? *It is not to become brains for them, but simply to develop theirs, not to think for them, but to teach them how to think for themselves.* He is to be a friendly guide to direct them in the path over which they are to travel *themselves*.

The parent does not propose always to carry his child in his arms, but teaches it to employ its own limbs, extends perhaps a steady, guiding hand until it attains the ability of independent locomotion.

It is not the Teachers business therefore, chiefly to solve their problems, nor to teach them how to "*do sums*," but to draw their minds to a solution of those great principles, the right understanding of which will fit them for the active and practical duties of life.

An Arithmetic for instance is given in which is embodied principles to direct in the performance of business. A student may be taught like a calculating machine to solve every problem, and yet not understand a thing that he is doing. The teacher then should use these examples merely to illustrate the principles and impress them upon the mind.

A scholar may thus boast of having gone two or three times through some one of our higher Arithmetics, and yet not be competent to correct his plasterer's bill, in the measurement of a room, nor measure a pile of wood at his father's door, nor compute the interest on a common promissory note. Let the teacher never feel that his part of the work is done, until the pupil so understands each rule or principle, that he can apply it to any practical operation in his future transactions. N.